

Frigelza Conte

The Student's Pen



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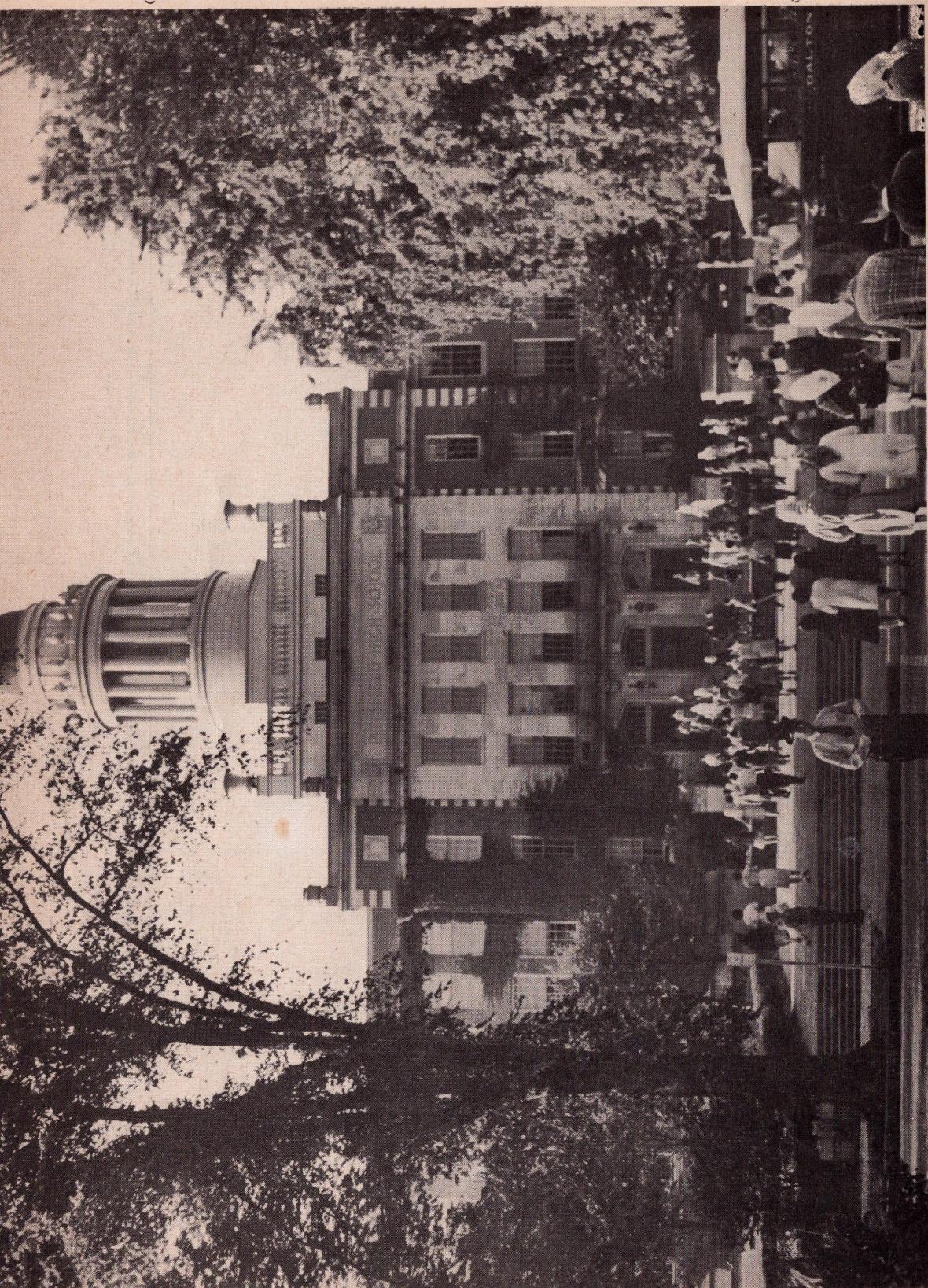
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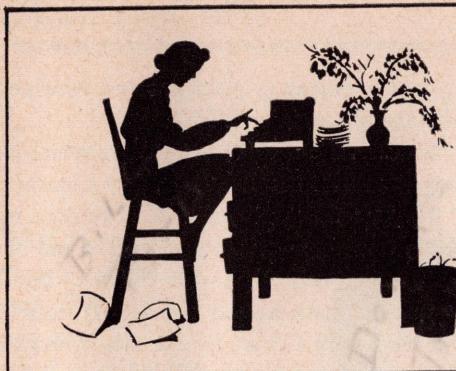


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SEPTEMBER 5, 1945—BACK TO SCHOOL



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

T. B. H. B. A. N. E.

The Challenge Today

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

WHEN we abandoned our books last June for the summer vacation, few of us anticipated the earth-shaking events to come. Faced with the threat of annihilation by atomic power the Japanese surrendered, and overnight we found ourselves in a world at peace. Some were hysterically happy thinking of unimportant items such as unrestricted gasoline, stream-lined autos and Aladdin lamp luxuries, but the thoughtful individual turned his attention toward the serious problems of world union and social and economic rehabilitation. Eventually our dreams of soft, easy living may materialize, but before they do, there is much hard work to be done, work for which the best possible preparation is needed.

Whatever our goal in the postwar world, be it a college education or a place in industry, we are bound to face conditions far different from those of the past few years. During the war jobs were plentiful and the colleges relaxed their standards. Now it will be more difficult to obtain a job, and the college entrance requirements will become more rigid because of an increased number of candidates. Servicemen wishing their former occupations are assured of them, and men with dependents will be given foremost consider-

ation. With the cessation of war production there will be the same problem of unemployment as before the war. In addition to these facts we must remember that an employer will consider more thoroughly the better-trained individual. Likewise the college authorities will accept only the best prepared applicants.

For these reasons it is imperative that the high school boy or girl should prepare himself as thoroughly as possible to meet the stiff competition he will face.

Look at the returned servicemen who have re-entered P. H. S. and notice how seriously, how diligently they go about their studies. They realize the importance of their school work. They know how helpful their studies are to them. They have learned through hard experience the value of the education which we accept so lightly and often so unwillingly.

If we are to make a worthwhile contribution to the happiness and welfare of mankind we must accept and utilize the opportunities for mental and physical improvement which are offered us. So let us work diligently that we may prove to the world that we are worthy to be the leading citizens of the future.



Keep the Flag Flying

By Athena G. Gifos

THE war is over at last and P. H. S. may feel justly proud of the record it has made in the sale of war stamps and bonds in these past four years. However, let it not be forgotten that there is another war still to be fought,—the war of rehabilitation.

It is difficult for men who have waged a hard and gruelling fight overseas to come back home and fight this other war of rehabilitation. Yet this is what thousands of boys are doing in hospitals all over America. Their sacrifice may have been made on the battlefield, but it does not end there. Every day, every hour, every minute, they are fighting a new fight.

It is our duty to see that their lives are made a little more bearable and the only way that we can do this is by the increased and continued purchase of bonds and stamps. The money that we invest now will perhaps

be used to buy an artificial arm or a whirlpool bath to cure an injured limb.

So when the Victory-Loan Drive which begins October 12 and ends January 1 starts in P. H. S. don't say to yourself, "I've done my part," but dig deep into your pocket and buy more generously than ever before. Bonds and stamps have helped win a war; now let them help win a peace for our men who have fought so bravely and so gallantly.

Pittsfield High School

By Gertrude Giese

THE ivy creeping up the red brick walls, the windows with equal spaces of wall between, the four iron lanterns hanging beside each entrance, the tall, stately dome which rises high above the houses 'round about and shines brightly in the dazzling noonday sun, lending an academic air of beauty, the gracious ascent of spacious steps, these are some of the features of Pittsfield High School we older students love.

We cherish thoughts of times within, events, and special incidents we like to think of: the warning bell which brings relief sometimes, and in the study halls sometimes a sigh; the incessant low hum of motors in the basement from the machine shop; the rhythmic click of typewriters from the third floor; the noise at lunch; the laughter of boys and girls as they devour their lunch as rapidly as possible; the glass-splintering crash of a bottle slipping from the hand of some embarrassed person, followed by the louder banging of bottles on the tables. We love to hear the bulletin which comes just when we need it most—I have Third Latin then; the seven-period days—A one, two, three, four, five, six; we love to hear the orchestra or band when we come eagerly into the auditorium, their strains giving us a feeling of patriotism and pride for our school and country: these things we oldersters cherish. You who are sophomores will love them too when sights and sounds grow more familiar. Oh, help us to be worthy of these happy, carefree days at Pittsfield High School!

"Home Is Mother"

By Coralie Howe

ERIC Lawrence was coming home. Only two days after V-J day, a telegram saying Eric would be home soon made a mother's heart swell with pride and joy.

"Eric home tomorrow" she thought, "A whole thirty-one days at home—then to camp here in the United States, but no more fighting. No more war!"

She sighed, and wiped her eyes on the corner of her apron. "Oh, if only John could have lived to see this day. How happy he would have been."

On a rushing train, three-hundred miles from his own home town, sat a boy of twenty-one, a little haggard, a little worn. There were some bluish marks on his forehead—little wounds he had received when an oil tank blew up in his face. He had no Purple Heart, but a few service ribbons, four battle stars, and three oak leaf clusters—that was all—but nothing to distinguish himself from any other soldier. His thoughts ran probably the same as those of any other home-ward-bound boy on that train—home and mother, his friends, the familiar streets,—and Laura.

Then his thoughts began to shift a little. When a guy's been overseas for two and a half years without one furlough, there're a



lot of things he's missed. At least, what Eric thought he'd missed were a lot of common things—bright lights, parties, dances. Before he had gone away, his mother and father had kept him pretty much under their thumbs. Now he was a man, he thought, and when he got home, he was going to do a lot of things he had never been allowed to do before. He was going to show people he was a man of the world.

Eric shut his eyes

and began to fall asleep, lulled by the rhythmical sound of the wheels. Tomorrow he would be home—tomorrow he would begin a new life.

Friday at noon, Eric came home to his family. Home was the little boarding house Mrs. Lawrence ran; his family—his little careworn mother, and on the mantel, only a picture of his father in his younger days.

But Mrs. Lawrence's happiness was shattered slightly, at dinner. "How nice it will be to sit and talk with you this evening," she was saying. "Perhaps I could invite some friends in, although I think I'd rather have you all to myself."

Eric colored slightly. Perhaps he felt a little ashamed of what he was going to say. "Gosh—I'm sorry, Mom—but I promised Laura a date the first night I was home."

Mrs. Lawrence's smile began to fade. She sat quietly, not saying anything, afraid that her voice might betray her disappointment. After a minute, she began to smile again. "That's all right, son," she said, "I have no right to be selfish. I'll see you all the rest of the time."

But, "all the rest of the time" began to consist of mornings—the wee hours when he would get home, and the breakfast period between ten o'clock and eleven. He would get up late, go off to the lake in the afternoon—take Laura out to supper, or meet some of the fellows to go bowling.

"I hope you don't mind, Mom," he would say, as he started off. "But gosh, I haven't seen any of the crowd for so long, I'll take you to a movie, some night, Mom, and remember—you're still my best gal."

Mrs. Lawrence began to wonder about that. She was constantly reminding herself that he was a man, now, and he wouldn't be here much longer. "But if only I could have him for another few years—before someone else becomes his best girl."

Then one night, near the half mark in Eric's furlough, the worm began to turn. Eric had had his taste of glamour, but it had seemed false. It was eleven o'clock when he came in, tired and unhappy. He had been to a party, and although the others had enjoyed themselves, the whole affair had seemed uninteresting to him.

It had been like that everywhere lately—Something was missing.

He entered his old room, and neither undressing nor turning on the light, he threw himself face down on the bed. His head ached a little, and he felt like crying.

"Nonsense," he thought to himself. "Men don't cry."

But Eric couldn't help it, and some big, heavy, man-sized sobs escaped from him. He wouldn't have known what was wrong, if his mother hadn't come in then, and sat down beside him and gathered him in her arms. He laid his head on her bosom, and a water-

fall of tears moistened the collar of her bathrobe. He hadn't cried like that since he was a very little boy, he thought, and then the realization began to steal over him, like the warming sensation of his mother's eternal love.

"Little boy," he thought. "Even big babies like me need their mothers. I've needed her all my life. I needed her over there in those foxholes—but couldn't have her."

"Oh, Mom," he said aloud, "It wasn't the fellows and girls—or the movies—that stuff, that I really missed. A fellow can have loads of friends and fun anytime—but he's limited to one mother. I can see now that I really missed you, Mom. I may be twenty-one, but I still need you to watch me. Home means Mother, and everything that goes with her."

Mrs. Lawrence smiled, and taking her arms from him, stood up.

"Okay, now that you've had your cry, you big lumox, get your feet off the bed and come downstairs, and we'll have a snack."

Eric jumped up, and laughing, the little worn out mother and her big, muscular baby, nearly twice as tall as she was, walked, little hand in big hand, down the stairs together.

FRIENDSHIP

By E. Kreiger

True friendship is a living thing,
A spark that grows into a roaring flame
Of sweet companionship, and love, and
deeper things
Too fine to name.

True friendship is a lasting thing;
As strong as oak the bonds that keep two
near
Together in a world of pain and sorrowing
Made sweet and dear.

True friendship is a lovely thing;
More beautiful with every passing day.
A growing, living, lasting, precious thing
To stay and stay.

Seniors of Two Years Hence

By Ann Wierum

HERE is a strange kind of animal around our school. It is of that large race of beasts called Human Beings, of a strange and unpredictable genus called High School Students, and of the interesting class of Sophomores. The varied habits of this animal are easy to watch, and afford many fascinating hours of entertainment. Most of them are rather wild, as they are in an environment totally alien to their free, happy-go-lucky natures—school. However, the Human Being has a marked ability to adjust himself to surroundings. By the time he is a Senior, he is almost resigned to school.

The notable characteristics of Sophomores are open mouths, wondering eyes, and a tendency to a very poor sense of direction. Yes, it is really amazing how high school increases the sense of direction. It is also amazing that we have phantom rooms of the numbers 410, 528, and so on, that not even the Seniors can locate. Another thing that never fails to puzzle me is the number of places that the cafeteria may be. But I wander from the subject. Let us get back to Sophomores.

The Sophomore (or should I perhaps say the high school student in general?) comes out of hibernation during the summer and four times during the school year. These times are about one week before report cards. Do you know what report cards are? They are white slips of paper on which are written various letters among other things.

One of the most fascinating places to observe the habits of Sophomores is in the classroom. When in geography class one hears that the Eskimos are God's frozen people and that in Athens there is a temple called the

Pancreas, you begin to be interested. When you are told by a geometry student that a circle is a line that meets its other end without ending, and that a polygon with seven sides is called a hooligan you begin to be fascinated. However, these are innocent mistakes, and we, as Seniors (who *never* make mistakes ?!?!?) should be understanding and tolerant.

Let us watch the Sophomore grow in his strange environment, on his choking diet of learning. After all, in only nine months he'll be a Junior!

BACK TO SCHOOL

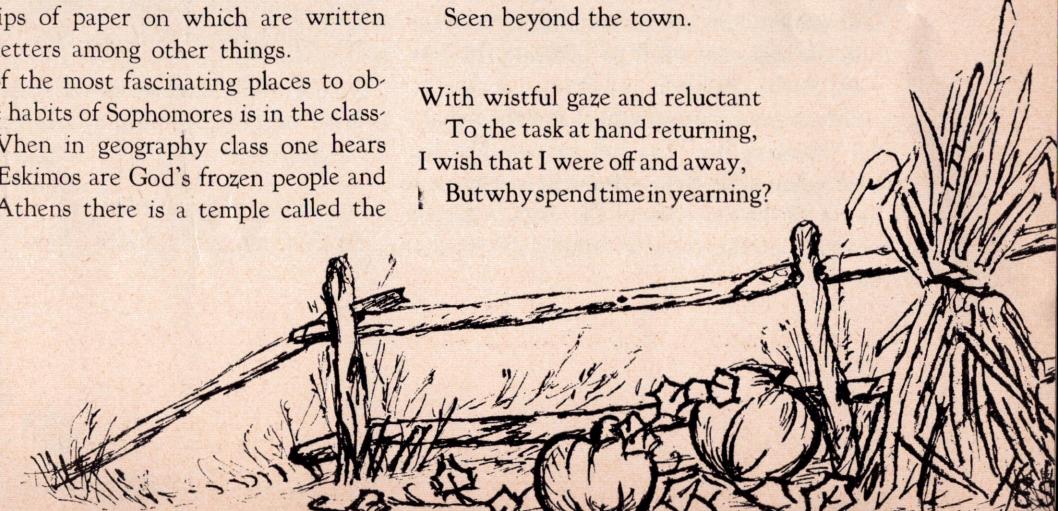
By James Robinson

Gazing out the window,
Lost in a maze of dreams,
I think of fishing and swimming
In the cool, crystal streams.

I drowse in the warmth of the schoolroom,
Deaf to the teacher's talk,
I dream of the gorgeous beauty
Seen on an Autumn walk.

The trees with their riot of color,
The fields of golden brown,
The purple of distant mountains
Seen beyond the town.

With wistful gaze and reluctant
To the task at hand returning,
I wish that I were off and away,
But why spend time in yearning?



September Fifth

By Bernice Donnelly

SEPTEMBER fifth. No, it can't be! Wasn't it yesterday that we closed our books, said good-bye to our teachers and classmates, and went home to enjoy the long, long, summer vacation that stretched before us? Was it really last June that we bade farewell to the title of sophomore and proudly thought of ourselves as juniors?

Yes, the calendar does not lie. Gone are the long, lazy summer days when we spent our time swimming, rowing, and playing tennis. Gone, too, are the mornings when we could lie in bed as late as we wished with no thought of homework, or tardiness, all the time in the world to dream of things to come.

Ah, but we are juniors now. We cannot waste our time mourning over happy days that are gone. We have work to do and we welcome this glad September morning.

So we proudly gather up our books and return to school to begin the happy task of gaining sufficient knowledge to earn the title of senior by next June.

Autumn

By Jean Bailey

AUTUMN, from September through November, is sometimes called the wealthy season. It is a gay time of year when the trees dress up in bright colors, and yellow pumpkins and purple grapes add splendor to field and vine. Green and red-cheeked apples and golden corn are gathered in abundance, and the barns are filled to bursting. Hallowe'en, clothed in black and orange, makes her debut in mystery and magic, and the delightful "Husking Bee" has full swing. The harvest moon adds romance to the evenings to atone for the shortness of the days, while the chirping of the crickets sound a farewell to summer.

The Crisis

By Marcia Weller

HIS hand was shaky, and the cigarette he held quivered between his nicotine-stained fingers. His brow was covered with perspiration, and his collar was wet. He found it difficult to think clearly. However, he knew the decision must be made soon, the decision that would determine his future. He racked his already tired brain for the answer to the question that lay heavy on his mind.

He was faced with the problem of selling his property. The sale meant the loss of his home, his cherished garden, and his little blue and white garage that he had worked so hard to build. But he must have the money and immediately. The loans he had received from the bank were all due, and collectors hounded him constantly. Yes, he knew that he must sell. Yet the thought of it made him depressed, sick.

Suddenly, stepping from nowhere, his wife appeared, calm, collected. He appealed to her in his crisis. He pleaded for a solution of his problem. She came to him quietly in her sweet, lovely way, and as she put her arm around him, she said very gently but firmly, "Darling, you've played enough Monopoly for this evening. Let's go home."

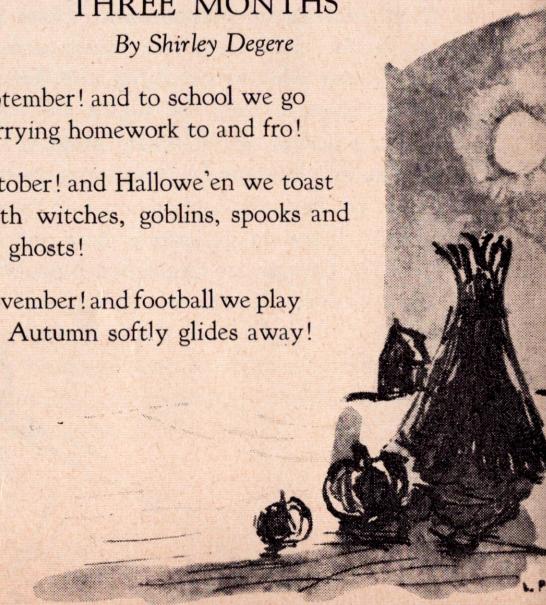
THREE MONTHS

By Shirley Degere

September! and to school we go
Carrying homework to and fro!

October! and Hallowe'en we toast
With witches, goblins, spooks and
ghosts!

November! and football we play
As Autumn softly glides away!



Entertainment Calendar

By Paull Giddings

THIS year, P. H. S. pupils will hear a series of speakers whom it is hoped no one will want to miss. A sample of the enjoyment to be derived from these special assemblies was presented last Wednesday in the form of a harp recital by Miss Elsa Moegle.

Discriminating persons who would like to know why their precious school time is being taken from them will be interested in the following "previews of coming attractions."

Undoubtedly, the girls will agree that C. Findley Bowser is an attraction. The boys must content themselves with merely listening to Bowser—unless they too have a weakness for broad shoulders. Just for the record, this celebrated mountain climber will speak here on March 5. The audience will be shown the special equipment necessary to a mountain climber. Colored motion pictures will also be displayed.

Another speaker who will be featured this year is Alonzo W. Pond. An archaeologist and geologist with quite a list of firsts to his credit, Mr. Pond is the discoverer of "Lost John of Mummy Ledge." At this lecture, which is scheduled for March 19th, colored motion pictures and slides of the odd corners of the earth will be exhibited.

One of the world's biggest question marks today is Russia. However, students of Pittsfield High School need not wonder about the questions posed by this mighty nation. The answers will be supplied by Irino Khrabroff in her enlightening analysis of the people of Russia. April the eleventh is the date on which this most timely and informative lecture will be heard.

If anyone desires to learn how to get "on the beam," then Glenn Morris is his man.

In his talk on aircraft radio, Morris will reveal the secret of flying the radio beams that guide our great airliners to their destinations. The lecture will include a demonstration, during which a blindfolded member of the audience will be led across the stage by a radio beam. Mr. Morris will appear May 8.

There it is—the list of special assemblies that will be held in the auditorium during the coming year. All who attend Pittsfield High are invited to be present.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS (THE SOPHS' FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF P. H. S.)

JIM BURNS—Too little for "big" me.
PAT LEGGE—Crowded.

FRED TREGASKIS—I like the senior—I mean the scenery!

LORRAINE NORTHWOOD—Ruff!

BILL "OTTO" KEARNS—Uh-h-h (he's still thinking).

EMILOU STARKE—Hot stuff!

MARILYN SHAUGHNESSY—I get lost!

JIM AGAR—The friendly (?) atmosphere

Now we'll see what the jaunty juniors and sophisticated seniors think of the sophs.

PAUL LAY—Shrimps!

SHIRAS REEVES—Very unintelligent.

"PERCIE" RETALLICK—Huba, huba!

KAY BYRNE—No hope for them.

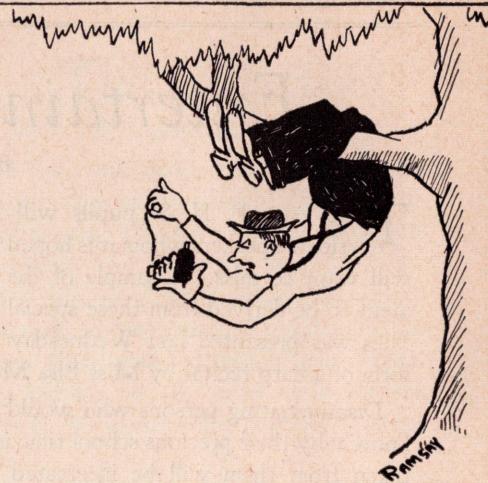
"MURPH" CONNOR—The girls are O. K.

BARBARA BROWN—They clutter up the place.

BILL HEARN—A little army training might help.

AL BISHOP—Dopey as ever.

WHO'S WHO



NORMAN CARMEL

BUSY AS A BEE

This cute senior seen rushing around the halls of P. H. S. at all times of the day answers to the name of "Fuzzy"! Honestly she does! Getting down to facts though, her full name is Joan Fossa and this year "Fuzzy" is heading the School Notes Department for *THE PEN* and she is also taking over the duties of warden for Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. Among her many likes are football teams, especially those of Pittsfield High and Notre Dame. We wonder why (?) She's simply "mad" about Bing Crosby, but she thinks Frank Sinatra is all right too. Just all right, Joan?



JOAN FOSSA



AL BIANCHI

DOCTOR BOBBIE

Barbara Kinghorn—most folks call her, "Bobbie"—is, though she may deny it, one of the high an' mighty importants 'round about Pittsfield High; she is co-chairman of the Oasis for this year, secretary of the Student Council, advertising manager of *THE PEN*, a member of Gamma, and a member of the Ring Committee. Among Bobbie's list of "like'ems" are sports (field hockey and badminton come first); French fries and steak (how about post-war invitations, Bobbie?); and tall, dark, and handsome *men*! She plans to be a doctor after attending Massachusetts State College.



BARBARA KINGHORN

PEN HOLDER

Mary Ellen Criscitiello is the competent editor of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* this year. We have all seen this happy brunette flying around P. H. S. vigorously trying to get new members on her ever increasing staff. She's doing a good job of it, too. Cooking spaghetti and meat balls, while listening to Spike Jones, seems to occupy a great deal of Mary Ellen's time, but she also finds it very interesting being skipper of her own sailboat.

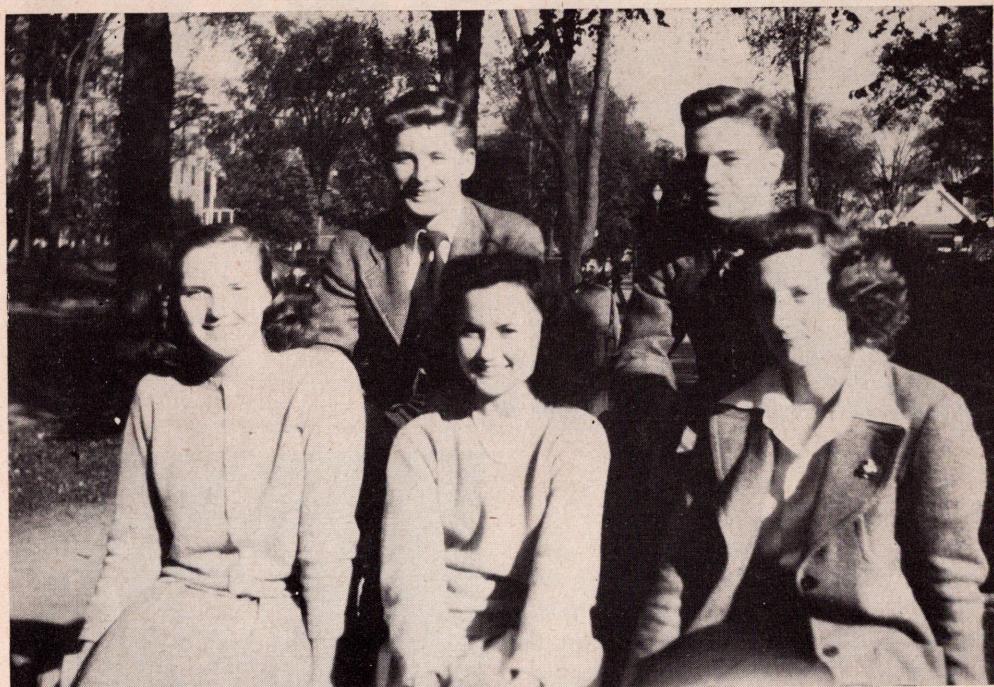
Clear sailing ahead, Mary Ellen.



MARY ELLEN CRISCITIELLO

FOOTBALL HERO

This senior needs no introduction (except maybe to the sophs). Al is co-captain of the football team, a member of the baseball and bowling teams, of the Student's Council, and of the Senior Hi-Y. On his favorite list are spaghetti, Harry James, and especially brunettes. Al would like to join the Navy and later on succeed his father as manager of the Pastime bowling alleys.



Vice President, Joseph Bolster
Secretary, Rita Mierzejewski

NEWLY ELECTED SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

| | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| President | William Hearn |
| Vice President (boy) | Joseph Bolster |
| Vice President (girl) | Ann La Porte |
| Treasurer | Jean Homick |
| Secretary | Rita Mierzejewski |

Those pictured above were elected to their new offices, October 3, and in addition to these, on September 29 the following new members were elected to the Senior Class Council—Fred Schulze, Jason Katz, John Trottier, William Aitken, Raymond Morse, August Maria, Joseph Loehr, Jack Kelly, Warren Harmon, Eleanor Bonin, Richard Farnham, Jeanne Cusato, Joseph Nigrelli, Louis Principe, James Scace, Charles Thompson, Jacqueline Girard, Mildred Monteleone, Jane Loboda, Jane Johnson, Doris Greene, Jean Fuhlbrigge, Vincent Carpino, William Adams, Mary Pharmer, Jane Renzi, Rose-

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President, William Hearn
Treasurer, Jean Homick

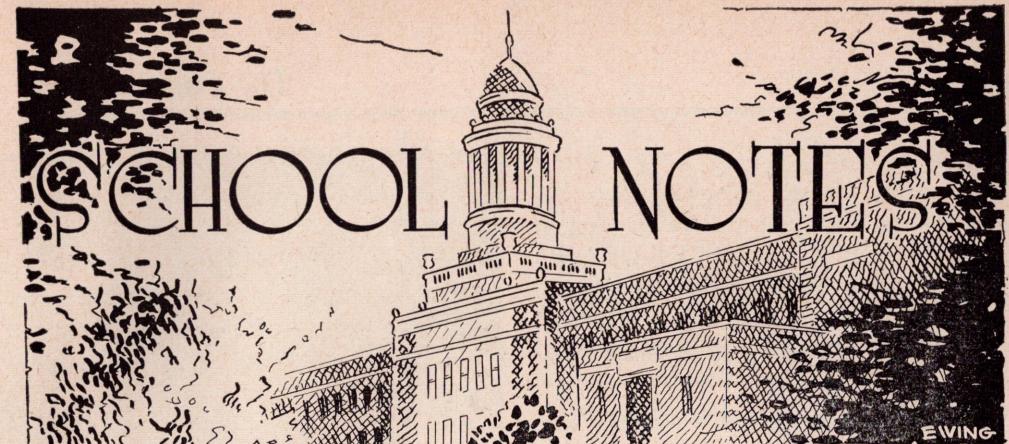
mary Sangiovanni, and Beverly Vincent. This group meets with the class officers to nominate chairmen for various activities.

The Election Officers under the supervision of City Clerk John Fitzgerald, were as follows: Edward Potter, Barbara Douglas, William Chapman, Gerald McConkey, Remo Vergati, Walter Sadlowski, Edward Benedict, Rita Garbowit, Elia Masengo, Lorraine May, Burton Keeler, Marie Lowery, and Kay Byrne.

THE GAME OF LIFE

By Mary Daignault

The world seems cruel and hard to take
When trouble comes our way,
But when our problems all clear up
We feel so bright and gay.
Now we should learn this simple rule
"Take bad luck with the good,"
Then life would be one happy game
If we play as we should.



STUDENT COUNCIL

With the beginning of the school year another Student Council has been elected. Members of last year's council who were juniors and sophomores will not have to stand for reelection but will go right on serving the class which they now represent. The Senior members are Albert Bianchi, Alfred Bishop, Doris Cella, August Marra, Winthrop Gutmann, Joseph Bolster, Kenneth Turner, and Barbara Kinghorn, secretary; while the Juniors are Rosemary Durwin, Martin Flynn, Jack MacBeth, Rosemary Eagan, and Edward Maska. The sophomore members are Eleanor Lynch, Warren Preble, Walter Creer.

The House of Representatives, which consists of two members from each homeroom, was elected during the first week of October while the remaining three seniors, two juniors and the regular three sophomores for the Council were elected by a plurality vote of their respective classes-at-large during the second week in the same month. These pupils were selected from a list of nominees submitted by the House of Representatives.

At the first meeting of the Student Council traffic and cafeteria committees were appointed. Members of the cafeteria committee are:

First lunch—Shirley Grant, Donald Read.

Second lunch—Joan Fossa, James Coughlin.

Third lunch—Betty Limont, Martin Pulano.

Chairman—Doris Cella

Advisor—Mr. James Conroy

Consultant—Miss Kathleen Madden

Members of the traffic committee are: Winthrop Gutmann, Fred Schultz, Alfred Bishop, William Adams, Robert Everhart.

Chairman—Albert Bianchi

Advisor—Mr. Arthur Goodwin

August Marra served as acting chairman of the Council until new officers were elected.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

On Friday, September 21, the first meeting of the Motion Picture Club was held. Robertine Watson presided over this meeting.

The following officers were elected:

Vice President, Betty Kreiger; Recording Secretary, Lorraine May; Corresponding Secretary, Ann Sweener; Treasurer, Ann Ring; Librarian, Betty Esterman; Chairman of Program Committee, Priscilla Parsons; Chairman of Reporting Committee, Lorraine Rozen; Chairman of Sunshine Committee, Louise Wiley.

Former members of the club explained the activities and special interests to the new members.

The announcement was also made that Donald Morey, a former president of the club, has been promoted to Assistant Manager of the Palace Theatre.

This club meets regularly after school every Friday with Miss Laura Hodges of the English Department as its advisor.

LIBRARY CLUB

Attention, please! Something new has been added! This year will be the first in which the P. H. S. Library Club will place its emphasis upon reading rather than service. The purpose of this club is to review and discuss books selected by the members themselves.

At the first meeting which was held September 17, James Robinson was elected Chairman-Pro-Tem. A general vote was taken and "The Robe", by Lloyd C. Douglas, was unanimously decided upon for the next meeting's discussion. A committee was also elected to draft a constitution which will be voted upon at the next meeting.

A salesmanship reading contest was held at the October 15 meeting and the item sold was a mystery book.

Meetings will be held on Monday, after school, every two weeks. Mrs. Philip Wigenhauser, school librarian, is the advisor. Anyone interested is welcome to join. Qualification for membership—desire to read.

DEBATING CLUB NEWS

The P. H. S. Debating Club held its first meeting of the year September 6th with several new members present.

Elections were held and the results were as follows:

President, William Richards; Vice President, Willard La Casse; Secretary, Barbara Burgner.

At the meeting held September 13th, extemporaneous talks were given. "Postwar Military Training" was decided upon as the subject for discussion at the next meeting, September 21st. Participating on the affirmative panel were: Eileen Zemmel, James Callnow, and Mary Zaccari; on the negative were: Anthony Gallo, Jacob Strause, and Charles Carouso.

HI-Y AND TRI-HI-Y CLUB NOTES

It looks like a bang-up season in the offing for the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y Clubs. The new officers assumed their duties the first week in October, new members were inducted into the various clubs and everything is now in full swing. Even the "Y" is all set for the coming year, with newly painted walls and floors.

Right now Gamma is busy planning for its Annual "Harvest Hop" which is scheduled for the twenty-fifth of October. (No school the following day—Teachers' Convention!!!) Beta started its year with a picnic at the home of its advisor, Betty Wade. October twenty-fifth will see the Berkshire Hills Congress and Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y officers Congress which will last from ten-thirty in the morning until five in the afternoon. A joint meeting of all clubs was held on October sixteenth. Here's wishing all clubs a successful year!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Friends of Bobby Grand-Lienard will be glad to know that he is on the road to recovery and improving every day. We hope that he will be back with us soon.

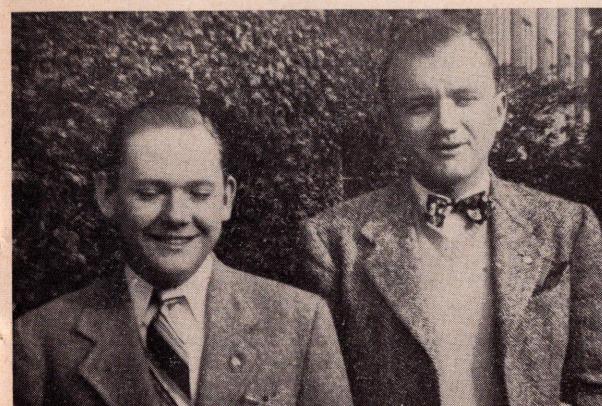
Orchids to Donnie Troy for his grand try in the Greenfield-Pittsfield game.

Flash!—The Lone Ranger has been seen in the halls of P. H. S. with his trusty water pistol. Heigh-ho Bussy!!

Welcome to the Sophomore Class—Marilyn Shaughnessy from Springfield, Mass; "Emilou" Starke from Glenridge, New Jersey; and Doris Smith from Schenectady, New York.

We are losing one of our classmates, Beverly Snyder. She will be leaving with her parents in about two weeks for Beverly Hills, California.

October, 1945



WELCOME BACK TO P. H. S.

Both the faculty and the students are happy to see two veterans of World War Two back, studying at P. H. S. They are Rodman Henry, and Brian Butler.

Rodman was discharged August, 9, 1945, after being with the Infantry for two years. He spent most of his time with the 88th Division in Italy.

Brian graduated from P. H. S. in 1943, and was with the Infantry for two and one-half years. During that time, he was in Ireland, England, France, Belgium, and Germany. Brian was discharged August 27th, 1945, and he is back at P. H. S. taking a P. G. course.

Good work, boys! P. H. S. feels privileged and proud to have you back.

THE OASIS

The Oasis, Pittsfield's Teen Age Night Club, will open October 20th for the first time this season. The following officers have been installed for the coming year. The Co-chairmen are Barbara Kinghorn and Charles Volk; Secretary and Treasurer, Patricia O'Hearn; Chairman of Rooms, Richard Lederer; Co-chairmen of Hosts and Hostesses, Elinor Shipton and Christopher Barreca; Chairman of Music, Dave Mendel; Co-chairman of Special Features, Doris Cella and Martin Pullano. Each week these officers will have a special program planned, and they will do their best to make the Oasis a success.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Edwin Potter and Daniel Gagne

THE Vocational teachers were caught by surprise, and therefore, there is not too much news to report.

The most active of the departments seems to be the Woodworking Shop.

At present, Woodworking is constructing cabinets for the new Vocational stockroom to be located in Room B-8, in the High School. Other projects of Woodworking are the building of bookcases for Redfield School, and twenty-five teacher's desks, which are to be completed by the end of the school year.

The Machine, Sheet Metal, and Welding Departments have together completed a turkey picking machine and delivered it to Mr. Varanka of the Auto Mechanics Shop at Pittsfield High. Looks like more turkeys for Thanksgiving!

Beginning this year, all first year boys in the Auto Department are required to take one semester of the welding course. Welding is the only process that can be used for repairing broken fenders and bumpers, and is an essential part of automobile repair work.

Mr. William Monks, formerly an instructor at the Pittsfield High drafting department is now the head draftsman at E. D. Jones Company.

This seems to be a good opportunity to welcome Mr. H. A. Shepardson to Pittsfield High School. Mr. Shepardson came here from the Goodrich Woodworking Company to teach cabinet making.

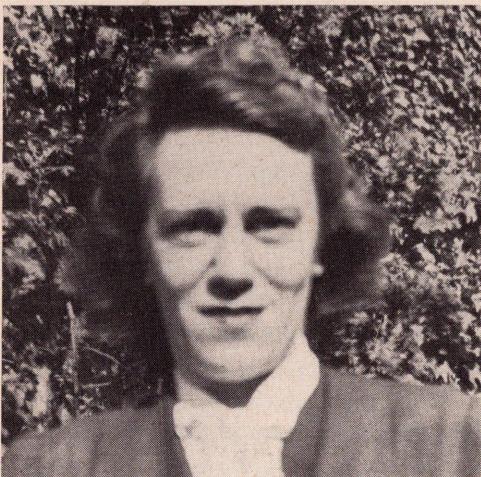
* * * * *

We'd like to know Mr. Conroy's exact definition of a "wise article".

A soph informed Mademoiselle Millett that her brother was not in the army even though it said "general" after his name on the voting list. Oh me!

GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACULTY

By Marjorie Sullivan



MISS LUELLA VIGER

If any sophomore needs a friend, he need go no further than Room 333. Now, don't get the idea that Miss Luella Viger doesn't like the juniors and seniors, for she does, but the sophomores, it seems, rank first with this very pleasant member of the faculty of Pittsfield High School.

After her graduation from Bay Path Institute of Commerce, Miss Viger taught in the Moody Business School in New Britain, Connecticut. From there, she came to P. H. S. and joined the commercial department where she teaches shorthand, typing, office practice, and sophomore arithmetic.

Being a sports enthusiast, Miss Viger particularly enjoys football and basketball games, and, as you may have guessed, her favorite hobbies are also of an outdoor nature. She enjoys skating and all the other winter sports as well as several summer pastimes. She does enjoy other things besides sports, such as music, dancing, and eating!! Among her

favorite dishes are steak (ah!!), ice cream, and chicken.

Her pet peeve is, as she puts it, "those clever people in my study hall who never seem to have anything to study." But, being such an amiable person, she doesn't have any other particular dislikes.

So, even if you're not a sophomore, stop at 333 in a spare moment and it will be a moment well spent.

ADVICE TO SOPHOMORES

By Joan Burns

Your reporter has made up this list

Of advice to help you out.

We hope that nothing has been missed,

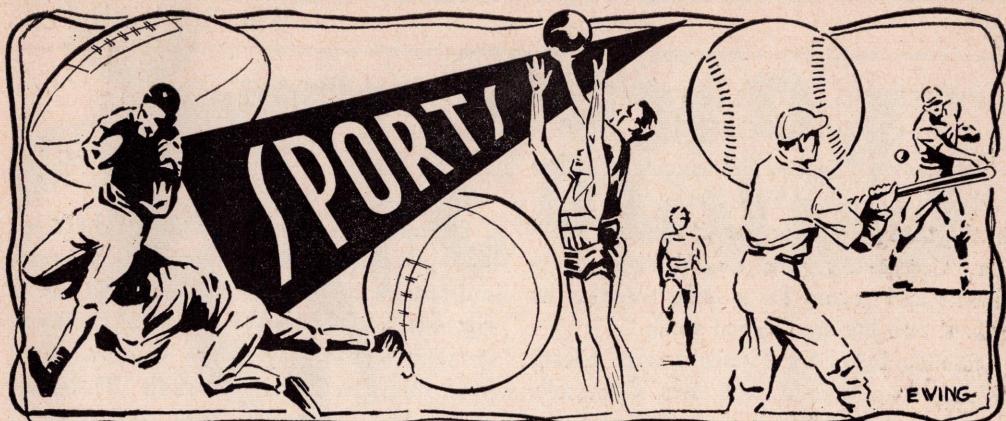
You will use it, without a doubt.

DO—

1. Keep your voices down to a college cheer in the halls—as dignified seniors do.
2. Go around the traffic officer by 235—not through him.
3. Leave senior boys alone—there aren't enough for senior girls, let alone you.
4. Be quiet when Mr. Gorman flashes "that look" in assemblies.
5. Call Mr. Innis "el professor"—he likes it—and call Mr. Hennessy "Turk"—we're not saying he likes it.

DON'T—

1. Use the elevators as taxis to your third floor homerooms.
2. Flirt with Mr. Herrick—the privilege is reserved for his algebra students.
3. Think study hall desks are waste baskets.
4. Call Miss Powers "sergeant" on Fridays; that's a Red Cross Assistant's uniform.
5. Think the blue haze around the men teachers' room is fog.
6. Use fourth period classroom as a cafeteria.



TECH TIGERS OVER P. H. S., 13-0

By Warren Harmon

Playing much improved football in contrast to the season opener with Greenfield, a hard-playing P. H. S. team held a heavier Tech eleven to two touchdowns and an extra point at Pratt Field, Springfield on September 29th. The game might well have remained scoreless but for bits of hard luck at the crucial moments when the scoring was done.

The first touchdown came in the last minute of the second period. After driving deeply into Pittsfield territory, Tech lost the ball on downs. Pittsfield immediately attempted to kick out of danger, but the short punt that followed failed to do that, setting the Tech Tigers up for a score. Picking up four yards on their first down via a lateral pass, it was the drive off left guard on the second play that did the trick for Springfield. The extra point kick by quarterback Hamilton was good.

In the last seconds of the final quarter Pittsfield fumbled on their own six yard line and the ball was recovered by Tech. On the next play the Tiger left end scored. Time seemed to have been against P. H. S. on both touchdown plays, the first score being made with but a minute of the first half remaining, and the final with only seconds to go before the game ended.

In scrimmage the heavier Tech picked up 142 yards as against Pittsfield's 23 yards. Most of Pittsfield's overland gain came in the second half. But while outrushing Pittsfield,

Springfield also accumulated more penalties in the process. Ninety yards is a lot to lose on a gridiron. One penalty in particular cost the Tigers six points. Tech's star halfback, Gokey, took in a P. H. S. punt at his own forty and ran sixty yards down the sideline for an apparent touchdown. But much to the dismay of the Springfielders, hoping for an opening period score, the referee paced off fifteen yards for a clipping penalty. P. H. S. struck back in the aerial department accumulating some 72 yards while Tech had 28.

Pittsfield fans got a real thrill when in the last quarter, Don Troy heaved a 37 yard pass to end, Al Mlynarczyk, who nearly broke loose but was stopped on the Tech 35 yard line by two tacklers from behind.

The day was marred for Pittsfield by the injury to Altobelli, who broke his leg in the early part of the game.



PITTSFIELD DROPS OPENER 25-0

By William Carty, Jr.

Displaying a heavier and more experienced ball club, Greenfield High defeated P. H. S. in the 1945 football opener 25-0. Fred Wallner, Greenfield's star, scored two touchdowns and passed for a third score as he gained two hundred eleven yards.

Shining lights for Pittsfield were Marsh Wood, who punted well; Ben Carnevale, who gained considerable yardage through the line; and Donnie Troy, diminutive halfback, who brought the Pittsfield supporters to their feet with a seventy-three yard dash, which unfortunately was called back because his knee touched the ground. Donnie also passed well, completing a 21 yard toss and another 19 yard toss.

Co-Captains Norm Carmel and Al Bianchi, and Jerry Scutt and Bill Flynn played well on the defense. Pittsfield displayed some offensive flashes, but didn't have the ability to continue an advance against the Greenfield defense. Greenfield made eleven first downs to five for Pittsfield.

One unfortunate incident was the injury to Bill Johnson, Pittsfield's star back, who received a compound fracture of the leg, returning the second-half kickoff.

CHEERLEADERS

The snappy girls who are leading P. H. S. cheers this year are Robertine Watson, the head cheerleader, and Rita Shelsey, Phyllis Mlynarczyk, Jacqueline Girard, Joan Hassett, Barbara Fetters, Georgia Spring, Dorothy Prendergast, Madeline Harrington, Nancy O'Connell, Mary McCarthy, and Alma Winnard.

These girls have practiced many hours to perfect the various cheers. The performance which they gave at the P. H. S.-Greenfield game put plenty of zip into the cheering section.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Jeanne Murphy

Hockey

Donning shin guards, sweaters, and taking hockey sticks, the girls, sophomores, juniors, and seniors, adjourn to the back field for a vigorous game of hockey. Some of the outstanding season players are: Carmena Zofreia, Ann La Porte, Marjorie Theboda, Hattie Hall, Gertrude Geise, and Connie Lutoro. Prominent juniors are: Janet Ellis, Rosemary Eagen, Margaret Beahan, Theresa Walsh, and Dorothy Prendergast. Sophomore girls who have reported for practice are: Marilyn Burke, Jean Keefe, Patricia Bendell, Virginia Ditmar, Marjorie Leahy, Mary Marra, Mildred Aptacy and Barbara May. A large number of girls have gone out for hockey, so the competition will be keen.

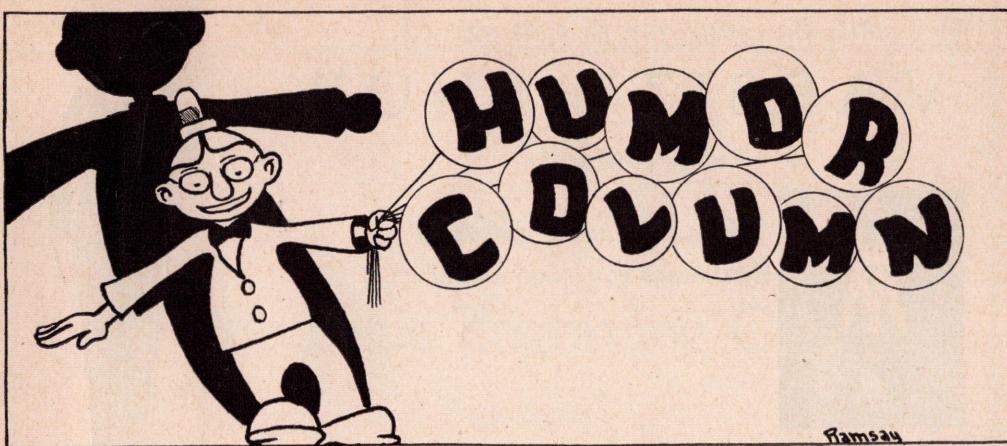
Badminton

Practice in badminton started September 18, with the junior and senior girls out to acquire as much skill as possible in preparation for the finals which will be held next spring.

Conspicuous among the senior players are: Margaret Gibbs, Barbara Kinghorn, and Gloria Gaylord. Outstanding junior players are: Rosemary Eagen and Mildred Barnes. The sophomore badminton group will be organized later in the year.

SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED

This year, the girls of Pittsfield High welcome a new gym teacher, who is taking the place of Mrs. Ira May. She is Miss Jean Morgan, who has been director of physical education and recreation at the Girls' League. Miss Morgan studied at Green Mountain Junior College before coming to Pittsfield. Miss Morgan has already gained popularity with the girls by her willingness to play the sports with them.



Nigrelli: "Let's go out tonight."

Nagelschmidt: "Can't, gotta help my father do my homework."

Soph: "How's the pickup on your new car?"

Senior: "Pretty good, three to a block!"

Mr. G.: "What is a locus?"

Joe H.: "An insect like a grasshopper."

Mr. Conroy: "What is the standard for liquid measurement in the United States?"

Ward May: "Four-fifths of a quart."

Mr. H.: "You shall remain in your seats until the third bell."

Voice from the back of room: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Teacher: "Who said that?"

Voice: "Patrick Henry."

Tri-Y: "Let's run—"

A. Z. A.: "No, we'll look like sophomores."

Contrary to popular belief, Mr. Geary is not head of the Cafeteria Department.

Gutman: "Why are you limping?"

Everhart: "I've a Charlie-horse so big it's on a separate diet."

Miss Morris: "What are the important parts of a speech..."

Harry Fuhrman: "A good beginning and a good ending, if they come close enough together."

Dick: "Do you shrink from going out with boys?"

Mary: "If I did, I'd be nothing but skin and bones."

To kiss a miss is awful simple,
To miss a kiss is simply awful;
Kisses spread diseases, it's been stated,
But come on, babe, I'm vaccinated!

Instructor: "Why are you talking?"

Sophomore: "I gotta do something to keep awake!"

Definition of P. H. S. cafeteria: Where people fight to bite.

Miss X: "I should like you to pay a little attention."

Pupil: "I'm paying as little as possible."

B. K.: "I've been thinking—"

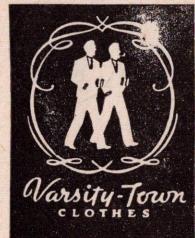
J. M.: "Stop bragging."

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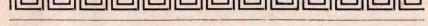


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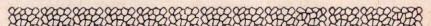
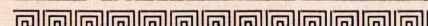


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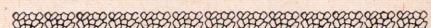


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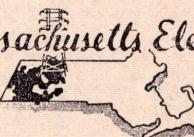
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